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THE CARMELITE

FEBRUARY 27, 1929 NUMBER 3

RALPH WHITEHEAD

His friends in Carmel were saddened by the death of Ralph Radcliffe Whitehead, in Santa Barbara, February 22. His health undermined by grief over the death of his elder son who went down with the Vestris, he succumbed to a second attack of pneumonia, contracted on his journey from New York to Carmel.

Born in Yorkshire, England, in 1854, he graduated from Harrow and from Balliol College, Oxford, where he was one of a group under the particular instruction of Ruskin. He was a friend and disciple of William Morris, whose principles he embodied in an arts and crafts settlement at Byrdcliffe, near Woodstock, New York. He was the author of several books on art and literature. He came to the United States in 1892 and settled at Montecito, near Santa Barbara, where he owned the beautiful estate "Arcady," now the home of George Owen Knapp. He was always keenly interested in social and economic questions and in world policies. Outwardly shy and reserved, he was a man of the most exquisite sensitiveness to the beauties of art and of nature, stubbornly loyal to his beliefs, and at all times generously devoted to his friends.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Jane Byrd Whitehead, and one son, Peter.

—Una Jeffers.

THE SUN DISPELS THE MORNING FOG

from the painting by William P. Silva

WARNING

Ye who delight in lupin on the hill
Blue as snow-shalow where the cliff surmounts
White silence. . .
Whose eyes are heir to poppies
Burnt bronze against the blue
Of this Pacific water. . .
For whom the pines adorn the spring
With spires and pollen-candles. . .
Let you beware of beauty!
It is no gentle goddess who presides
Over this colour-ridden soil.
She who in ancient days tortured the rock
Would hold you slave to loveliness and death.

—Dora Hagemeyer.

LOBOS VILLAGE RAZED

The charming Acadian village on Point Lobos was quite effectively burned yesterday on the return visit of the Tec-Art staff. It was a glorious conflagration, for the spectators; perhaps a bit too much smoke for the camera effect.

The soldiers, mustered, dragged bales of hay and buckets of distillate and kerosene into the shell houses; they heaped the one and splashed the other on walls and roofs. Then, after running sundry haystacks all over the lot for practice, they shot the scene.

The soldiers with lighted torches dashed into the petroleum soaked houses and the fire was on. Away they dashed to the beach . . . . . especially unfortunate Mr. Duncan of Del Monte, who in carrying the inflammable stuff into the houses had soaked his breeches, and whose torch ineptly caught him afire. Narrowly escaping tragedy when his friends threw him literally into the sea to extinguish him . . that is, the fire on him . . . he was barely able to walk to his car, where he was treated for superficial burns. As the fire progressed and the toppling church was left but a stump, blazing at the top, it was a mutilated finger, accusatory, pointing with horror the act of Britain in this cruel and ruthless destruction of a peaceful and peaceable community of souls. But we mustn't become dramatic over our dicky-village.

Carmel News

Dr. Cora Johnson Best, adventurer, mountain climber, big game hunter, explorer, author and lecturer, will lecture at Pine Inn on the evening of March 1st under the auspices of the Carmel Woman's Club.

..... Thrilling adventure is everyday life with her, and she has the rare faculty of sharing her experiences with her audiences through her vivid style.

..... She is in the employ of the United States Government and her job is "Selling America to Americans."

She is remarkable in many ways: plays 10 musical instruments—she was soloist with the Thomas Orchestra.

..... She has nearly completed her requirements to be a licensed air pilot. She has mushed over Alaska snows and hobnobbed with mighty hunters.

..... The lecture will be illustrated with moving pictures, and through Dr. Best's descriptions and the pictured scenes the audience will be taken into a world above a world.

"MAN AND THE MASSES"

Ernest Toller, author of "Man and the Masses," is in the United States and will come to the Pacific Coast for a series of lectures.

At the Carmel Theatre Guild meeting on Tuesday evening, a letter concerning him from Mrs. Anna Porter was read. Members of the Guild voted to sponsor a lecture or a reading by Toller this spring.

Toller wrote "Man and the Masses" while he was in prison. He wrote it at a white heat,—and its psychology is that of the sufferer under oppression. It is concerned with the revolution of the workers against the machines, and is of course flamingly red. To an economist who asks the economic principles underlying this revolution as Toller dramatizes it, the play offers no help. It is a simple, emotional, symbolic, and highly stylized exhortation, which is effective chiefly because of the fine massing in blacks and whites, the dramatic heightening of emotion through pictures, which the New York Theatre Guild production gave it. The strong rhythms of Toller's diction have given it dignity. It may also be called a work of art.

LEA LUBUSCHUTZ VISITS CARMEL

Lea Lubuschutz, the eminent Russian violinist who has just played with the San Francisco Orchestra, was the guest of honor at an elaborate dinner party given at Mission Tea Room on Friday night last by Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Boas.

After the dinner, Mme. Lubuschutz played. At the piano, Valentine Pavlovitch, quietly efficient. The violin, that Amati given Lea Lubuschutz by the Moscow Conservatory when she was but sixteen. The music,—Bruch, Dohnanyi-Kreisler, Brahms, Kreisler, Wieniawski. The artist—an olive-marble figure, lit by candles and the great fireplace, fiddling as only a master can fiddle. Playing mature, vigorous, intense, resonant. Stability, experience, richness and fullness. Once a high, piercingly-sweet B flat that for the hearers took away the plank floor and the low-beamed ceiling, and left that swaying, sturdy figure with its feet planted on the soil between the hundred-year-old pear trees and the Mission gleaming white in the moonlight and only the sea beyond. Lea Lubuschutz played.

The guests included Mme. Lubuschutz, Mrs. J. Walter Freiberg, of Cincinnati, Mrs. Annie Kline, of New York City, Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, Mr. Valentine Pavlovitch, Mr. and Mrs. P. Charles Elerman, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Stein, of Chicago, Mrs. Muriel Russell, Miss Domingo Russell, Mr. Charles Berlzheimer, of New York City.

ALL IN THE DAY'S WORK

Roger Sturtevant. Eddie. A fine morning. Up Carmel Valley. To photograph a caterpillar tractor near Jamesburg. Suddenly. A turn in the road. A Ford Roadster. Altogether completely overturned. Exactly upside down. Flat on the highway, coming from underneath, a hand. Asleep perhaps. Roger-Eddie perturbed. Human life to save. Tugging. Pulling. Pushing. God. There must be strength. Suddenly. An impulse from underneath. Broken glass. Oil. Gas. A Ford Roadster exactly rightside up. Exactly. Human life exactly rightside up. Smiling. The Jamesburg Inebriate. Roger-Eddie on to photograph a caterpillar tractor. —d. d. h. w.

MOUNTING

Tom Bickle is planning a new sign, to read "Tom Bickle's Pharmacy." This step into the capitalist class follows seven years of successful management of the Carmel branch pharmacy of the Palace Drug Company; ever since he first opened the store in 1922. No changes in policy will be made, he says, but adds the "bigger and better" phrase to his smiling statement.

THE CARMELITE CALENDAR

March

Su. 3 **Divine Services**—All Saints Chapel, Community Church, Christian Science at 11:00 a.m. Carmel Mission at 10:00 a.m.

Su. 3 **Lecture and discussion**—on "American Imperialism," at the residence of Laura Bride Powers, Carmelo near Santa Lucia. 8:00 p.m. Auspices of the W. I. L.

SECTIONAL MEETINGS OF THE WOMAN'S CLUB

Mo. 4 **Monthly meeting**—of the Woman's Club. Pine Inn at 2:30. Professor Chauncey Wells giving a reading of Stephen Benet's "John Brown's Body."

Tu. 5 **Current Events**—10:30 a.m. **Bridge** 2:30 a.m.

Th. 7 **Garden Group**—of Carmel Woman's Club. 10:00 a.m. at residence of Mrs. Beardsley, at 8th and Casanova. Mrs. Bernard Rowntree on Wild Flowers.

Fr. 8 **Open Forum Meeting**—Dr. Cora J. Best, lecturing at the Pine Inn at 8:00 on "The Kingdom of the Clouds." Open to the public.

AMERICAN IMPERIALISM AGAIN

It was for waving this phrase about on a banner in a parade welcoming one Herbert Hoover that a member of one of the best families in Palo Alto was put under arrest not so long ago. "The Monroe Doctrine and American Imperialism" now becomes the subject of next Sunday evening's discussion by the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom at the meeting of its Carmel branch. Laura Bride Powers will speak informally, initiating a discussion it is hoped will be general. The meeting is to be at her residence, on Carmelo near Santa Lucia. All members and their friends are invited.

WOMEN PREPARE FOR THE FUTURE

Anne Martin, Pacific Coast regional director of the Women's International League, and Mrs. Esther Teare, chairman of the Carmel branch, spoke on Washington's birthday at Santa Maria under the auspices of the new and thriving branch of the W. I. L. recently organized. An enthusiastic audience responded with many questions to Miss Martin's brilliant talk on Next Steps toward World Peace, and to Mrs. Teare's talk on the work of the local branches of the League.

Separated by the Rocky Mountains and twenty-four hundred miles from the parent association led by Jane Addams in Chicago the W. I. L. is rapidly and effectively organizing, under the initiative direction of Anne Martin, the liberal woman whose present activity may strongly affect decisions as to future wars and the future peace of the world.

KELP ON CARMEL SANDS

photograph by Roger Sturtevant

Personal Bits . . .

Anita Whitney, whose sentence to imprisonment under the Criminal Syndicalism Act of California stirred the world a few years ago to many kinds of indignation, was in Carmel over the week-end. The law has never yet been repealed, although it belongs in any complete history of burnings for witchcraft. Those of the state of California who decided whether or not an unrepealed law shall be enforced are merely giving it a little well-earned rest.

John Gardner, whose Chinese fragment called "Happiness" we print this week, is a youth recently returned from the Orient, and is now continuing his exploration of the universe along the California coast with his brother.

* * * *

At Edward Weston's studio on Sunday afternoon an interested group of people looked upon his latest work. Albert Bender, Mr. and Mrs. Ansell Adams, Joyce Mayhew, Mary Young Hunter, and Dora Hagemeyer, were the guests.

* * * *

It has been a very bad theatre season in New York this winter, with many houses "dark." Yet "Wings over Europe," a play without a woman in it, written by Maurice Browne, once director of the Theatre of the Golden Bough, continues week after week. Meanwhile Mrs. Browne, known chiefly, and often to the readers of the Carmelite, as a poet and a very good one, puts the final touches to her novel, and is about to set sail with small round Maurice Browne aged five, for England where he is to be educated.

* * * *

Mr. William P. Silva, having served as juror at the Santa Cruz exhibit of paintings, has himself won a prize there, but not of his own decision. His picture, "The Sun Dispels the Morning Fog," was given a hundred-dollar award by popular vote of the visitors to the exhibit, who declared it their favorite picture.

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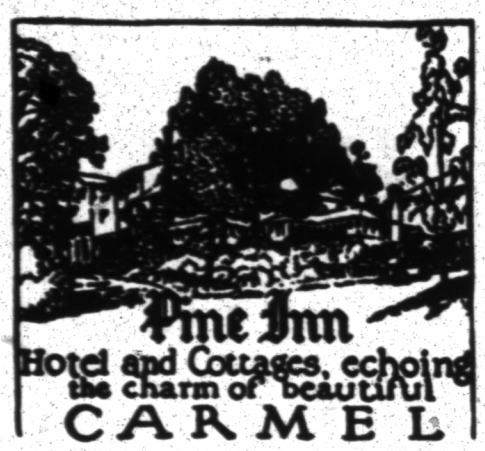

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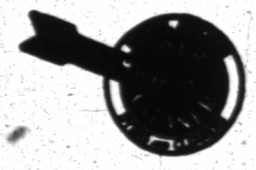

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The forthcoming election of school trustees for the Sunset and Monterey Union High School Districts is perhaps the most important civic duty for 1929. Here we will elect and empower the boards that will be responsible for the educational welfare of our children.

What are the qualifications of a competent school trustee? Here are a few of them:

(1) A person of high intelligence and character, who has demonstrated fitness for the job.

(2) A thorough knowledge of modern educational policies and methods—local, state, and national.

(3) Willingness to work faithfully in this unpaid Public Service.

(4) A keen understanding of, and sympathy with the problems of childhood.

(5) Diligence in seeking out the Public Will and responding to it.

DOUGLAS

In summer the Douglas School is the Douglas Camp for Girls. Next summer, at the MacDonald Ranch up the Valley, there will be a Douglas Camp for Boys also.

This will be the fifth season for the girls under the direction of Mrs. Grace Parsons Douglas. The camp is like a great glorified hunting lodge. It is true that the girls sleep in tents,—but the tennis courts are excellent, and the horses proud ones. The living room is like a great manorial hall,—but at night the deer come nibbling their way into the garden.

Athletics are equally the emphasis in the school year,—this year being the first. The day begins with a formal little military salute to the flag out of doors, after which the youngsters are ranged on the tennis court for some sturdy setting-up exercises,—the faculty joining in.

Formal and militaristic, you protest? Well, perhaps a little. For contrast to this part of the day the school provides the freer play of games. Other schools may emphasize the arts. The Douglas School is producing good sportsmen and women.

THE GREAT PROUD WAGGON WHEELS GO ON

Well, Carl Sandburg has been week-ending in California, and there has been a great breeze blowing. From San Francisco he wheeled northward, casting only a glance toward Carmel (which may after all be a smaller town than you think it is when it's the only one you happen to be living in for the moment) and quoting the Carmelite with a wide gesture.

What does Carl Sandburg do when he comes to San Francisco? Why he lectured of course,—for the government does not yet issue railroad passes to poets visiting California.

But what does he really do? Ah, the "real" of it? Why, he took his guitar with him down to Albert Bender's, (having hailed by letter a friend or so from down south and up north, which same friends immediately appeared from distant parts) and he sat him down and tuned it a bit. He sang, with his mellow folk-voice, songs from the Hebrides and the negro plantations (you can find many of them in his "American Songbag"), many idle, lovely songs.

His friends looked upon that homely, kindly face of his, under its heavy thatch of hair, once corn-colored, now snow-white; they talked a bit; they blessed him with eyes and hands; they went home to distant towns, well content.

There was a grey rat looked at me
with green eyes out of a rathole.

"Hello, rat," I said,
"Is there any chance for me
to get onto the language of the rats?"

And the green eyes blinked at me.
blinked from a grey rat's rathole.

"Come again," I said.
"Slip me a couple of riddles;
there must be riddles among rats."

And the green eyes blinked at me.

IN HOSPITAL

Children used to dread school; now, in any good school, they arrive before it is time, and linger afterwards. People dreaded hospitals too. Going to the hospital was almost as serious as dying,—and in addition the soup was likely to be cold. A hospital was a place as coldly institutional as a prison. Before the night-duty nurses went "off" they must make their round of the sleepers and wring their temperatures from them (may we put it that way, or shall we be put out for it?) in the cold of the dawn.

The Carmel Hospital, hidden under the trees up in the Carmel Woods, is charmingly free from this institutionality,—partly because it is small,—with beds, that is, for less than twenty patients; and partly, we suspect, because its founder, Edith Shuffleton, herself a nurse, has had the attitude of an artist in its planning. This hospital has an atmosphere,—but not of disinfectants. It has a hush,—not a "sh-sh!" but a serenity.

The nurses pat-patting quietly down the halls are human beings, and they are not too busy or tired for laughter. As the patient looks out upon the pleasantest of patio gardens, from a room in whose grey-green quietness it is a pleasure to lie, he is surrounded by a sense of well-being, by a something which is more potent perhaps for healing and rebuilding, than the most solemnly-administered drug, the most weighed and balanced diet.

This week Mrs. Fulton of Casanova Street has finely come through a grave major operation at the Carmel Hospital. She is the mother of Mrs. Gertrude Tooker, the grandmother of Virginia Tooker, is eighty years old, and is resting very nicely.

THE DOUGLAS SCHOOL

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Education . .

WEST COAST CONFERENCE ON PROGRESSIVE EDUCATION

The West Coast Conference on Progressive Education which took place in San Diego about two weeks ago presented many encouraging aspects. It was illuminating to know that right here on the coast there are so many people concerned in the success of the newer education. Also the caliber and earnestness of the individuals gave one cause for rejoicing.

They represented public schools, experimental schools supported by private funds, teachers' training schools, and special schools of different types. The speakers came from public and private schools about equally. In the concluding meeting, after it was voted that the Conference be made a yearly event, an invitation was extended by the Pasadena City Schools to hold the conference in that place in 1930. This invitation was accepted and thereby the continuance of the interchange will be assured. Much credit is due to the Francis Parker School of San Diego, and in particular to its principal, Mrs. Mintzner, for having the foresight and courage to initiate this first coming together. If her idea is carried on, and it appears that it will be, far-reaching results are bound to ensue which concern everyone interested in better schools and happier children.

Two dominant notes were struck in the conference. One was the necessity for the elimination of fear in children. Fear is the greatest cause of maladjustment and failure to function. Marietta Johnson, of Fairhope, Alabama, with her unrivalled power of stirring one's ideals to the quick, insisted that it is the right of every child to flourish; that a flourishing child is a growing child; and that a growing child is a satisfied child... She pleaded for the "irrigation of the school process," and for a dynamic rather than a static view of life. If you understand the nature of childhood you will take care not to violate the nervous system either by acceleration, or by specialization at too early an age, and above all you will see to it that fear is eliminated from the child's environment.

The same appeal was made by Miss Elizabeth Sytz from the Institute of Juvenile Research, State of Illinois, She gave a number of interesting case histories showing the different types of fear too often encountered in young children. These fears were due to economic insecurity, to a failure to "fit" socially, to the loss of belief, to a failure to meet the ideals of those who expect a lot of us, to the conflicts of parental possession, to failure in school, to a dread of ridicule.

She showed conclusively how the parent is the point of infection in the child's disease of fear. She urged that the child himself should cooperate in the elimination of this disease and that the artist-teacher or psychologist who can "see behind the veil" of the difficulty need not hesitate to undertake its solution, provided the approach is made by the objective method, and provided that he or she is fired with a genuine personal interest in the individual child.

The other note, so stirringly sounded by Mr. Edward Yeomans of the Ojai Valley School in the final address of the conference, applied not only to schools but to the whole of life. It was a challenge to a machine-engrossed world to turn anew to the things of the spirit. Mr. Yeomans said that if the Progressive School movement will be true to itself, and to those ideals of individual freedom and social responsibility to which it has in the past pledged allegiance it may well be the means of ushering in a new order in the world on which war shall be an impossibility and where each man shall walk unafraid in the light of his own integrity. —J. W. Duveneck.

* * * *

The Ninth annual conference of the Progressive Educational Association is just over in Saint Louis, having followed close upon the heels of the Pacific Coast conference of the same association in San Diego, reported below in a summary from Mrs. Duveneck of the school in Palo Alto. Alexander Meiklejohn, once president of Amherst, now Director of the Experimental College at the University of Wisconsin, spoke on "Turning Intellectual Flame into Creative Achievement."

Another asked, "Do we want creative minds in America?"

The grave difficulties in finding and training teachers for the new education were discussed during a whole morning. There was a forum on the dilemma of the Secondary School,—which is of course that of having to prepare students to meet college examinations in a four-year period clamoring with all sorts of other human, intellectual, and emotional needs. It is a conflict as well as a dilemma.

Vachel Lindsay however did what all the rest had been merely talking about. He read and made and danced poems before that group of teachers. When a conference of teachers some day meets in a great meadow, instead of within the floridities of a "Gold Room" in some city hotel, then we shall know that they have transcended the damning word "progressive."

CONCEPCION ARGUELLO'S MONTEREY HOME

While interest in California's historic landmarks is being translated into action —the reopening of the Spanish-Mexican-U. S. A. Customs House in Old Monterey as an historical museum, and the marking of the State-owned landing place of Viscaino-Serra (1602-1770)—it may interest a few romantic minds (if any survive the modernist's assault on emotional activity) that Monterey was for some years the home of lovely Concepcion Arguello, "Concha," slow-eyed sweetheart of Resanol, the Russian lover who never came back.

The old convent, the first in California—founded in 1850 by a group of Dominican nuns, teachers who came from the East across the Isthmus of Panama, mule-back —was her Monterey home, where from its high-walled garden she could watch the passing ships that would nevermore hold interest for her. For in Santa Barbara she had learned from a visiting English admiral that her lover, on his way across the steppes of Siberia to win permission from the Czar to wed her, had fallen from his horse, been fatally injured, and had died.

Now that the truth had released her lover's name from the contempt—if unexpressed in her hearing—of family and friends—faithful through all the years of waiting, now she closed the door behind her. She besought the new Bishop Alemany, just arrived from the East with the nuns, to permit her to become a member of the Dominican order. She was now nearly 60, far beyond the age when postulants are admitted to communities. Beautiful still, say those now living in Santa Barbara who knew her; beautiful, with the dulcet voice of the Andalusian, and a tender compassion for all the world.

For soon after returning from Baja, California, where her father had lived for a long time as commandante on one of the dismal presidios, "Concha" began to see life from another angle. Lovers she had aplenty; her soft charm, a social place in the land of milk and honey, her loveliness had made her the toast of the chivalrous soldiers up and down the Pacific. Even a betrothal in Baja, California had almost been pledged, but always there was Nicholas Resanov, her Russian nobleman—always in the offing.

There is little left of the convent now except an adobe wall. But I remember it well in 1882, with its shuttered walls, and little bell-tower like a beehive, tenantless. Owls and bats there were, but no matins, no vesper hymn. By moonlight it was the most romantic thing in Old Monterey, I thought then, and I remember bowling my rhetoric teacher over by writing an essay—they were always 'essays' then—on "A Convent by Moonlight." A teacher would swoon now. Those precious, voyaging days of early youth. What heightened moments simple things yielded us in those simple days. Were their values real? Or were they "pathological" as our Watsonian friends try to tell us they were?

—Laura Bride Powers.

THE FEBRUARY
SAN FRANCISCAN

features "From a North African Notebook" by Kathryn Hulme

other features include
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—by Carey McWilliams
"Bay Region Miscellany"
—by Constance Ferris
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Owned and published weekly by The Carmelite Publishing Company, at the Seven Arts Press in Carmel.

Subscription rate, two dollars the year, foreign, three dollars:
five cents the copy

Entered as second class matter February 21, 1928, at the Post Office at Carmel, California, under the act of March 3, 1879

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Editorials . . .

A JOB FOR GOOD CITIZENS

An important choice confronts the voters of the peninsula in the election of high school trustees to occur next month.

Of all community functions, from zoning to library administration, none reaches forward into the future with quite the immediacy of this function of education. In choosing trustees to administer the high school, we simply can not afford to select in a careless or a hit-and-miss fashion. These trustees, through their choices of principal and faculty of the high school, through their educational attitudes and understanding, dictate and formulate the life and spirit which nourish the adolescent boys and girls of the peninsula.

It has been a bad high school situation in the last year or two. The fight of last year to remove Principal Graves will be remembered. By a technicality he remained, and does remain, clutching at the principalship as a political "job" in spite of frankly uttered conviction that he is unfit to direct a high school and has obtained his certification unjustifiably. Nothing could be done about this, however,—either through the State Superintendent of Schools, or through the courts. But the matter of reappointment will come up again this year.

The present board is made up entirely of men. Two women are presented as candidates in the coming election to take the places of those whose terms expire. One of these women lives in Carmel, but it is not for this reason that the editors of the Carmelite unqualifiedly endorse her election to this arduous and demanding office.

Mrs. Joseph Schoeninger has two daughters and a son of high school age, and her primary interests, her community activities, have for years been in the field of education. The Schoeningers came to Carmel from a North Shore town near Chicago in which there was something like a community passion for education. When they came here, finding no school sufficiently developed here to meet the high standards already known, Mrs. Schoeninger herself directed an informal but very much alive school group, her own children and several others. Related to this were the children's orchestra directed by Mrs. Dickinson, and other projects.

Mrs. Schoeninger's abilities and interests, her contact with the best modern teaching, teachers, and practice of the country (the Schoeningers took their children to Fairhope, Alabama, for a year, to be at Marietta Johnson's School of Organic Education) made it logical that she should become the president last year of the Carmel Parent Teacher's Association, then of the Board of Education of the Sunset School which has this year had such a magnificent change in spirit and administration, due to the wise and careful choice of teachers by the Board.

She is now president of the P. T. A. of the Monterey Union High School, and it is evident that wherever she becomes active a fine and vital development takes place.

It is exceeding good fortune for the situation that she is willing to run for this office; and it will be still better if the voters of the peninsula can have sense enough to become busy about this.

AT BAY

The congealing of life this winter in Europe as though under the touch of a preliminary ice age, is a peculiar disaster. and in the warm comfort in which we sit reading of it, it is impossible for the imagination to function clearly enough to feel it. Southern Europe from Thrace to Hungary is suddenly arctic. Birds have dropped frozen in flight; babes turned rigid in their mothers' arms; passengers frozen to death in trains; a troupe of gypsies in camp turned to ice Already a sudden return to warm temperatures, with the resulting melting of snow and ice, have given warning of the dangers to be met with the spring. When the rivers start rising over Europe. . .

The situation is one which needs to be anticipated on a vast scale,—geographers becoming the consultants in an international conference to plan for whatever migrations are necessary to avert flood disaster.

It is a situation in which national boundaries are irrelevant, in which the tilt of the land to the valleys is everyone's concern. Already governments have seen their responsibility, have sent for fuel and necessities direct to other governments in the crisis. Perhaps even these boundaries will have to be swept aside, and all Europe, with the rest of mankind aiding, turn to face the ice age together.

MAN IN THE MACHINE AGE

There are islands of refuge from the Machine Age, and Carmel is one of them.

Yet those who depart for a little while from their island, come back with strange and disturbing reports.

Everything is mass production. The Machine Age is upon us, and makes of us here simple picturesque anachronisms. The Press in the Forest . . . the hand loom . . . the individual shop . . .these are simply the protest of man against the inevitable,—the past prolonging itself. This does not particularly damn the hand press and the loom. It merely gives them a different meaning. These activities cannot survive except as museum material; they are an expression of a wish which the Machine Age is going to thwart,—a wish to keep the sweetness and the beauty of the past.

To accept the logic of the Machine Age is not to praise it. But neither does the will to resist it make it any the less inevitable.

Human beings are caught within the tide of a great flood of their own initiating. The machines which they have made are going to modify us enormously. They have already modified us. The will of the human being is already more obedient to the nature of the machine than at any time in history. What happened to the human being when the automobile superceded the horse? He exchanged an organism, and his relationship to a conscious organism, for a mechanism. It is impossible that he establish with his automobile that intuitive relationship which once existed between his horse and him; the interplay of wills and knowledges, the interswinging of rhythms. And when he put a pavement between himself and the earth he established another short circuit. When he comes forth from the city and throws himself again for an hour upon the earth itself, he recognises, almost with embarassment, lest he be taken for a poet or a sentimentalist, the passage of a force, a current, between himself and it. Is it this flow of forces, this recharging perhaps of the unit from the source of energy, which has given him vitality in the field; is it the breaking of the current which gives the sense of fatigue upon the pavement?

Man has to the Machine a relation almost

antipodal to that he had with Nature. (What was 'Nature'? An abstraction? The deification of an unreality? No. It is a fact of a kind, a 'being' of a kind, the livingness that is in an environment made up of organisms, contrasted to the non-livingness of the environment of mechanisms.)

The psychology resulting from this new environment is startling. It begins with the loss of the faculty of intuition (For the moment we will not stop to squabble with the psychologists as to whether or not there is such a faculty,—and describe it simply as that directness of knowing which makes the processes of conscious intellection jerky and unnecessary. It is that immediate knowing, as contrasted with the **mediate** establishment of judgments by the intellect, which is present in simple people, peasants, gypsies, some young children, and animals.)

Even our pleasure life has become essentially mechanized. Pleasure in the machine,—enjoyment of mathematical curves in driving a car; of distance in radio reception; of technical tricks in film production. Again and again the modern mind strips life down to the bare skeleton of its machinery. Do we speak of "love" any more? No, we have stripped emotion down to its machinery; we call it 'sex' nowadays.

What will happen eventually? The Machine Age will produce a standardized man, doubtless. With the help of the behaviorists and the rest of psychology, we shall have conditioned men so that they feel, think, and produce, for the highest degree of efficiency. Man will produce a human type to serve the machine he has made. The eventual Robot will be something of a masterpiece in his way. Yes, we shall think, feel, and be, alike. The individual, like the small shop, become an anachronism. We shall be clever about ourselves,—understand each motion, each emotion,—this super-consciousness perhaps the chief remaining difference between us and the machines we have made.

If there are alternatives to the eventual reduction of the human individual to a non-individual unit in the mass, what are they? We call upon Mr. Filene, Mr. Ford, Herbert Hoover, and the movie industry, for an answer.

The logic of future economic development requires that the trust and the monopoly be allowed to flourish now unhampered. What was small, private, and individual, tends in more and more departments of life to be swept away. Scientists have announced that within two hundred years the synthetic robot will have been produced in the laboratory. If we trace further into the future the curve of man's present typical direction, what sort of a human being will we have produced in two thousand, two hundred thousand, two million, years?

—pauline g. schindler.

"A PRIMER OF MODERN ART" By Sheldon Cheney.

What is the essential mark, the æsthetic warrant, of the modernist movement as distinguished from preceding developments? If the imitative element and the element of surface prettiness are only subordinate, what is it that really constitutes the heart of the visual arts? If it is a quality that can in a sense be isolated and recognized, is it universal, applicable to the true art of all time—or substantially modern?

It has been remarked often that one requires no knowledge of either history or theory to come to an enjoyment of music. At the present moment we are in no such fortunate position as regards the visual arts. We are bigoted. Due partly to the popular confusion of art with purely illustrative activity, and partly to mis-education regarding the fundamentals, one must dip into theory, as into history, to dislodge certain widely-held misconceptions. The Average Man has, in a very true sense, lost the power to judge for himself. When he trusted to his emotions—and that is what he does with music—he found himself in opposition to art "authority." Then when his emotional reactions were trained out of him, he had to take someone's else's word for it that what he looked at was art. A whole false structure of associative values—photographic likeness, moral truth, slick technique, symbolism, etc.—was formed for him. . . . . .

In brief statement, the theory that specially applies to the bulk of modernist achievement and experiment in painting, sculpture and the graphic arts may be put about like this: Art is an activity, inextricably bound up with life but only incidentally concerned with the surface aspects of nature, with an emotional realm of its own, concerned with expression rather than representation, with creation rather than imitation, and characterized in each separate work by a particular and essential quality in the nature of emotionally expressive form—a quality which can be intensified today as never before, through enriched means and as a reflection of the intensity of contemporary life. . . . . .

The quality that is, perhaps, most indisputably and completely modern is **intensity.** The current of life has deepened, the rhythm has quickened, improved means of communication multiply the sensations that crowd upon us, travel enriches our impressions and fertilizes the mind, machines assail and toughen the nerves, lights are brighter and noises louder than ever before. Art cannot remain as quiet as in the past: it must be intensified. In must live up to its age. . .

Modern-minded architect-builders catch the spirit of rising steel and concrete. They put up here and there buildings that glory in their height, that make capital of their thousand window openings, that reflect power and intensity. Painting finds new sensation values in purer color. Sculpture begins again strongly in heavy blocky sculptural form-organizations. A few dramatists forsake the old playwriting formula and pile up emotional climaxes with little regard to "natural" transitions or background. Music jazzes up. Poetry seeks the intense palpitating image, and falls all over itself in a new freedom —of license. Directness, piling up, intensification becomes the order of the day.

Correspondence

The Carmelite:

The Library Board has given out as the reason and justification not to allow the intelligentsia of Carmel the use of the books belonging to the Harrison private library that they are reference books. As a matter of fact, this is entirely erroneous.

The books are divided in two classes; one belonging to a viewpoint in history known in French as 'la petite histoire,' and of which Georges Lenotre has been the principal protagonist. Memoirs belong to this field, which is particularly adapted to cultivated people of leiseure who do not care to go in for heavy reading.

There is not one work of reference among the entire set. Though to be sure, there seems no adequate reason why the Carmelites should be barred from taking reference books to their homes. These are two reasons why people find it extremely difficult, not to say impossible to spend time between 2 and 5 p.m. reading in the library. One is the California climate which makes it desirable for all who can, to spend that part of the day out of doors; the other is that Carmel is mainly composed of busy people who must pursue their vocations during the early part of the afternoon and not their avocations.

Sincerely,
A subscriber and a Carmelite.

OFF DUTY

Now that our very own weather has returned to us, we can whisper just among ourselves this one, told by John Jordan at Council Meeting the other night.

Last summer, on one of its chilliest and foggiest days, two turbaned Indians were seen walking down Ocean Avenue toward the sea.

"Ah, and who are those?" inquired one visitor to town.

"Those are sun-worshippers."

"Indeed. And what are they doing here, then?"

"Why, ah, why they are just taking a little vacation."

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(Cut this out and put it in your pocket book)

The Arts . . .

"HEAVENLY DISCOURSE"

Blanding Sloan's Puppet Playhouse in San Francisco will on Thursday evening open its door for the premiere of Charles Erskine Scott Wood's play, "Heavenly Discourse," being given by a company of nude puppets of Sloan's design and execution.

The heavenly characters portrayed are Billy Sunday, Anthony Comstock, Eve, the Monkeys, Aquarius, Peter, Michael, Gabriel, God, Jesus, Satan, and the Cherub. There are three scenes, which follow the author's text of this sparkling satire of the follies of today.

Performances will continue for four weeks beginning the twenty-eighth on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday evenings, and Saturday afternoons.

ART IN SAN FRANCISCO

Those who anticipated a treat in the arrival of the exhibition of paintings from the Grand Central Galleries in New York have been obliged to modify their expectations. The show on view in the Palace of the Legion of Honor is distinctly a layman's display. There is not a trace of art for art's sake among the many canvasses. To an onlooker who has watched the entrance of many of these artists into the rank and file of the National Academy it is preeminently revealing. To paint for popularity and for selling appeal is the artist's certain doom.

William Chase in his Carmel classes used to say it often, this way, "The devil is always after you." Certainly the devil is after the writer who lapses into the commercial story, the poet into sentimentality, the painter into spectacular or pretty canvasses for the attraction of the susceptible purchaser. Quite the reverse, however, has been the reception at the Beaux Arts Gallery of the excellent work of Raymond Hill, a Seattle artist.

The annual show of Oakland artists opens next month and runs concurrently with that of Berkeley, of which institution Sam Hume is director. —j. v. c.

AN EXHIBIT OF MODERN ARTS

This week marks the opening of the three-weeks' exhibit of Modern Art at the Woman's Club Building in San Francisco. There is a section devoted to the textile designs of Emma Waldvogel of Monterey.

The exhibit as a whole is an event of such importance in the year that we plan a journey north for the purpose of seeing it, and will report thereon next week.

Poems . . .

THE LITTLE NUT-TREE

The King of China's daughter
So beautiful to see
With her face like yellow water, left
Her nutmeg tree.
Her little rope for skipping
She kissed and gave it me. . .
Made of painted notes of singing-birds
Among the fields of tea.
I skipped across the nutmeg grove,
I skipped across the sea;
But neither sun nor moon, my dear
Has yet caught me.

—Edith Sitwell
from "Come Hither."

Of the poems of Clark Ashton Smith, whose " Arabesque" we publish this week and whose volume "Ebony and Crystal," not very well printed, not very attractively bound, has received little attention, George Sterling wrote:

Because he has lent himself the more innocently to the whispers of his subconscious daemon, and because he has set those murmurs to purer and harder crystal than we others, by so much the longer will the poems of Clark Ashton Smith endure. Here indeed is loot against the forays of moth and rust. Here we shall find none or little of the sentimental fat with which so much of our literature is larded. Rather shall one in Imagination's "misty mid-region," see elfin rubies burn at his feet, witch-fires glow in the nearer cypresses, and feel upon his brow a wind from the unknown. The brave hunters of fly-specks on Art's cathedral windows will find little here for their trouble, and both the stupid and the over-sophisticated would best stare owlishly and pass by: here are neither kindergartens nor skyscrapers. But let him who is worthy by reason of his clear eye and unjaded heart wonder across these borders of beauty and mystery and be glad.

ARABESQUE

Like arabesques of ebony,
The cypress, in silhouette,
Fantastically cleave and fret
A moon of yellow ivory.
The coldly colored rays illume
A leafy manifold,
And all the field is over-scrolled
With curiously figured gloom.

Like arabesques of ebony,
Or like Arabian lattices,
Forever seem the cypresses
Before a moon of ivory.

—Clark Ashton Smith.

Books . . .

THE STRANGE NECESSITY by Rebecca West. Doubleday Doran 1929.

If you are tired of the endless search for substance and fine writing in a book, read Rebecca West's "The Strange Necessity."

But there at last is a real book, whose opening pages register a supremacy of clear thinking and a power of vocabulary quite rare.

Such a passage as the following should assure the writer of an audience which will stay with her till the last page:

"The non-sentimental artist has an intention of writing a book on a theme which is as determined and exclusive as the tree's intention of becoming a tree, and by passing all his material through his imagination and there experiencing it, he achieves the same identity wth what he makes as the growng tree does. Now neither tree nor artist has eyes, neither has ears, neither is intelligent: simply they are becoming what they make."

The essay called "The Strange Necessity" occupies more than half the book. The other essays are Uncle Bennett, The Classic Artist, Gallions Reach, Two Kinds of Memory, The Long Chain of Criticism, Sherwood Anderson Poet, Battlefield and Sky, and Tribute to Some Minor Artists. Quotations of first sentences from some of these chapters will show the vigorous and the arresting clarity of Rebecca West's writing and will give an indication of her value as one of the very finest literary critics of the present day. From Uncle Bennett:

"All our youth they hung about the houses of our minds like Uncles, the Big Four: H. G. Wells, George Bernard Shaw, John Galsworthy, and Arnold Bennett. They had the generosity, the charm, the loquacity of visiting uncles. Uncle Wells arrived always a little out of breath, with his arms full of parcels, sometimes rather carelessly tired, but always bursting with all manner of attractive gifts that ranged from the little pot of sweet jelly that is 'Mr. Polly,' to the complete meccano set for the mind that is in The First Men in the Moon. . ."

From the Classic Artist:

"The most sensuous of writers, Willa Cather builds her imagined world almost as solidly as our five senses build the universe around us.

She has within herself a sensitivity that constantly presents her with a body of material which would overwhelm most of us, so that we would give up all idea of transmitting it and would sink into a state of passivity; and she has a quality of mountain-pony sturdiness that makes her push on unfatigued under her load and give an accurate account of every part of it."

—D. H.

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7 ARTS

New Books Received

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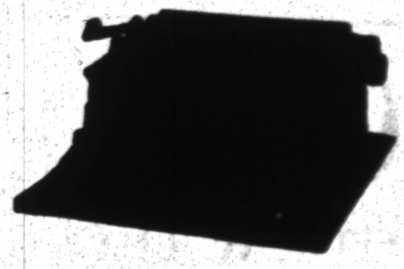
Pere Marquete	Repplier



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ONE TALENT—

She lived among clever people. They could all do things. They were poets, painters, musicians. But she had only one talent — domesticity. It almost amounted to genius. She knew how to place cushions on a couch so that no one could resist their promise to rest. . She could arrange colors so that eyes were grateful for their simple loveliness. She could pin a hanging on a wall and place a bowl of daffodils in the sunlight, making the poorest room look rich and wonderful.

But she could not write a line of poetry; she could not draw a daisy or play a bar of music; so she went along living her quiet life and very few knew of her existence. No one sought her or spoke of her. She was always at hand when she was needed. Rooms were always warm and cosy. Meals were well planned and prettily served. The garden bloomed all the year round.

One day she grew tired of this one talent. The light went out of the house and the glamour died out of the garden. She opened the gate and went into the hills.

Spring was lyrical with wild violets and young grass. She walked till all the houses were out of sight. She sat down in a little space under a wild mustard bush as high as a slender tree. She sat till the river in the valley flowed yellow with sunset and the sea turned copper-bronze. She sat till the hills turned purple and the gulls came back from the day's flight inland. She seemed to dissolve into the wind that ran its fingers through the grass; till she became all the beauty of the field,—all the peace of the sky.

She was not even aware of the experience through which she was passing. She only knew that she had ceased to exist as herself; that she felt the pulse of a life greater than her own. That somehow she was creating beauty with her own sight, from her own center of being. Beyond beauty she seemed to sense a new meaning. Beauty was not an ultimate. There were worlds within worlds. She saw the meaning of her own life and then, unmistakable as a birth-pang, she realized the new life which was about to open before her. A little fear brushed her with dark wings, but she was not afraid of fear. Life had taught her how to deal with it. Had she not met and reduced to nothingness that greatest fear of all, the fear of frustration? So she went beyond beauty and beyond ecstacy into the heart of peace.

A cricket startled her back into the consciousness of every day. She remembered home and many things to be done. She stood up and shook out her dress. Her feet were numb as she began to walk.

When they saw her come in with wild mustard-petals in her hair and eyes deep with a strange radiance they looked at her for the first time.

She went into the kitchen and put the potatoes on the stove. She made a pudding and set the table. But they were aware of her presence in the room as they sat around the fire waiting. Their brilliance of conversation rang hollow. For the first time they watched her as she smoothed the cloth and touched with living hands the fruit and flowers. What new reality had come into the midst of them? What sudden life like April grass through stubble?

She who seldom spoke, surprised her hearers as well as herself with the simple power of utterance. Looking back on that evening they remembered only that life had suddenly become open and clear. The old problems and vagueness had dissolved and they had somehow stepped into the sunshine of high places. They remembered nothing that she had said nor could they recall to mind the new quality which had so transformed her face. Only they knew forever that beauty and understanding lay around them in a world to which she had miraculously found the key; that her one talent had reached its flowering-point in that evening's quiet meal; for in the morning she had gone. She went out of their lives as simply as dawn gives place to day, and with as little warning.

—Dora Hagemeyer.

NEW LIBRARY HOURS

The Harrison Memorial library is now open daily except Sunday from eleven to six. And on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday evenings from seven to nine.

Science

New facts about how nerves carry messages from eyes, ears or other organs to the brain or take orders from the brain to the muscles were described by Dr. E. D. Adrian, physiologist of the University of Cambridge, England, in two recent lectures at the Royal Institution, London. Recent developments of vacuum-tube amplifiers like those used in radio have made it possible, Dr. Adrian reported, to detect the tiny electric impulses that run along nerves and to magnify them so that their nature can be studied. These impulses turn out to be not unlike the electric currents that carry speech over a telephone wire. Such telephone currents are pulsating ones, the number of pulses in each second corresponding to the pitch of the tone that is being sung or spoken over the wire. Nerve currents are similar but slower, ranging from five pulses a second up to about 150 pulses a second. Brain cells at the receiving ends of the nerves evidently perceive the number of these pulses and translate that

into a judgment of intensity. A bright light, for example, makes more pulses per second over the optic nerve than does a dim light. Not the amount of electricity flowing through a nerve but the number of pulses that traverse it each second, is what determines, Dr. Adrian believes, the strength or weakness of a sensation.

A YEAR'S ADVANCE IN CHEMISTRY: IN 1928

The U. S. Bureau of Chemistry and Soils has evolved two methods of making from corncobs insulating briquettes to be used as a substitute for cork, especially in small refrigerating units.

New methods of making artificial rubber were announced in Germany, though the process was not divulged.

A new explosive, known as "radium atomite" and claimed to be superior to T. N. T. or dynamite, was demonstrated to army engineers by Capt. H. R. Zimmer, of Los Angeles.

Synthetic sugar, from fructose and glucose, was made by two Swiss chemists, Prof. Ame Pictet and Tans Vogel.

"Bios," a vitamin that promotes the growth of yeast, was obtained in pure crystalline form by Dr. W. Lash Miller of the University of Toronto.

Experiments by dairy experts of the U. S. Department of Agriculture demonstrated that milk exposed to sunlight develops undesirable flavors and odors, whereas milk kept in the dark does not.

"Sunshine pills," consisting of synthetic Vitamin D, made by exposing ergosterol from yeast to ultra-violet rays, were placed on sale in Germany and England as a substitute for cod-liver oil.

An ultra-violet irradiated food was placed on the market, a commercial application of the discovery that ordinary foods exposed to ultra-violet rays promote the foundation of healthy bones and teeth in children and young animals.

A new way to preserve ether for as long as eight months without spoiling or deteriorating was devised by S. Palkin and H. R. Watkins.

A new system of chemical shorthand was developed by Louis A. Leslie of New York and Dr. C. A. Jacobson, professor of chemistry at West Virginia University.

The 1928 Nobel prize for chemistry was awarded to Dr. Adolf Windaus of Goettingen, Germany, for his part in experiments proving that ultra-violet light, either in sunlight or artificially produced, will activate ergosterol and confer on it antirachitic properties.

The Nobel prize award for chemistry, 1927, went to Prof. Heinrich Wieland, of Munich, Germany, in recognition of experiments on the complex compounds known as the bile acids.

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"Mother" said **Max** "I'm going to be a carpenter instead of an artist."

"Why, dear?"

"Because carpenters get more money than artists."

"Who told you?"

"Stanley Wood's little boy."

HAPPINESS

by John Gardner.

The sun sends out its first red rays, on boats, on roofs, down ancient ways. The Yangtze comes to life at last, as junk and barge go drifting past. A burst of singing fills the air. Greetings here and laughter there.

Fishermen are carefree folk. They love to laugh, or tell a joke. And as they sail off in a fleet, they're thinking not of how to meet the next month's bills or how to pay instalments on the Ford coupe. Life to them is nothing deep; it's just to laugh and work and sleep. They've never had a laundry bill. They've never washed and never will. Because they live in poverty, from money cares they're wholly free.

For instance, there is Charley Gow, a modest family man, and how. Right now he's heading out to sea. He'll fish two days or maybe three. He doesn't miss the family life; in fact, his children and his wife are sitting in the stern right now, mending nets and cooking chow. They're quite content to live this way because they've no place else to stay. In old Shanghai it's quite the style, this type of fleeting domicile. To them it's home and just as sweet as ours to us, if not as neat.

Taking his bowl of steaming chow, Charley squatted in the bow. A dreamy look was in his eye, for he dreams just as you and I.—With lots of luck, in one more day he'd have enough to pay his way, and then the catch of two days more would bring clear profit which he'd store away until he'd done it twice. And then —fantan and dice. He'd win a fortune, then retreat. He'd buy a ship! He'd buy a fleet!

And then he'd pick the biggest one and point it towards the setting sun. He'd catch a million fish a day and then he'd give them all away. He'd go and sit up in the prow and holler for a dish of chow. With nought to do but fish and feed he'd be a happy man indeed.

Classified Ads

DRESSMAKING: and millinery. Hemstitching. Remodelling. Martha Coldewe. Farley Building on Dolores. Telephone Carmel 598.

WANTED: Studio workshop opening at 454 Tyler Street, Monterey, wants interesting samples of local crafts to be sold on consignment.

WANTED: Hiking partner for long distance, by congenial, cultured lady. K M Box 843, Asilomar.

WANTED: Capital and partner to publish a scientific-spiritual revelation of world-rocking significance — something affecting the destiny of the entire human race, R. Alice Benninghoven, Rt. I, Box 42, Wrights, California.

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CARMEL REAL ESTATE

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